

# An excellent Ballad entituled, *The Wandering Prince of Troy.*

To the Tune of, *Queen Dido.*



When Troy town for ten years wars,  
 Withstood the Greeks in manifold wars,  
 Then saw their foes entrance to fall,  
 That no cold word could tell;  
 And then those walls that was so good,  
 And then were given where Troy town stood.  
 Some wandering Prince of Troy,  
 When he saw how long time had sought,  
 At length arrived with great joy,  
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought;  
 Where Dido's Queen with cunning lead,  
 To entertain this wandering Guest;  
 And as in hall of great they sat,  
 The Queen began to hear:  
 Of thy unhappy ten years wars,  
 Declare to me thou Trojan dear;  
 Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,  
 That thou poor wandering Prince hast had.  
 And then on this worthy Knight  
 With words began as he could tell  
 Of his unhappy ten years wars  
 To true a tale began tell:  
 With words so sweet and light so deep,  
 That oft he made them all to weep.  
 And then a thousand sighs he sent,  
 And every sigh brought tears again;  
 That where he sat the place was wet  
 As if he'd seen those was again:  
 So that the Queen with truth therefore,  
 Said, Worthy Prince enough no more.  
 The darksome night space grew on,  
 And twinkling stars in sky were spread,  
 And he his solitary tale told,

As every one lay in his bed;  
 Where they all sweetly took their Rest,  
 Save only Didos doying head.  
 This silly woman never slept;  
 But sit her chamber all alone,  
 As one unhappy always kept,  
 Unto the wall she made her moan;  
 That she should still desire in vain,  
 The thing that she could not obtain.  
 And thus in grief she spent the night,  
 Till twinkling stars from skies were fled,  
 And Phoebus with his glimmering beams  
 Through misty clouds appeared Red;  
 When tidings came to her anon,  
 That all the Trojan ships were gone.  
 And then when the Queen with bloody knife,  
 Did arm her heart as hard as stone,  
 Yet somewhat loath to lose her life,  
 In woful case she made her moan;  
 And rolling on her careful bed,  
 With sighs and sobbs these words she said.  
 O wretched Dido Queen, quoth she,  
 I see thy end approacheth near,  
 For he is gone away from thee,  
 Whom thou didst love and hold so dear;  
 Is he then gone and passed by?  
 O heart prepare thy self to dye.  
 Though reason would thou shouldst forbear,  
 To stop thy hand from bloody stroke,  
 Yet fancy said thou shouldst not fear,  
 Who fettered thee in Cupids Yoke:  
 Come death (quoth she) and end the smart,  
 And with these words she pierces her heart.

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 Withstood the Greeks in manifold wars,  
 Then saw their foes entrance so fall,  
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 That was the walls that was so good.  
 And then was given where Troy town stood.  
 Some wandering Prince of Troy,  
 When he saw how long time had sought,  
 At length arrived with great joy,  
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought;  
 Where Dido's Queen with courteous lead,  
 To entertain this wandering Guest;  
 And as in hall of feast they sat,  
 The Queen began to hear:  
 Of thy unhappy ten years wars,  
 declare to me thou Trojan dear;  
 Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,  
 That thou poor wandering Prince hast had.  
 And then on this worthy Knight  
 (with words begun as he could well)  
 Of his unhappy ten years wars  
 to true a tale began tell:  
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 That oft he made them all to weep.  
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When death had pierc'd the tender heart  
 of Dido Carthagenian Queen,  
 And bloody knife did end the smart  
 which she sustain'd in woful tear:  
 Aeneas being thipt and gone,  
 Whose slaughter caus'd all her moan.  
 Her funeral was most costly made,  
 and all things finish'd mournfully,  
 Her body here in mold was laid,  
 where it consumed speedily:  
 Her sisters tears her wound better'd,  
 Her Subjects grief their kindness shew'd.  
 When was Aeneas in an Isle  
 in Grecia, where he liv'd long space,  
 Whereas her sister in that time  
 writ to him to his soul disgrace:  
 In phrase of Letters to her mind,  
 She told him plain betwixt unkind.  
 False-hearted wretch (quoth she) thou art,  
 and treacherously thou hast betray'd  
 Unto thy lure a gentle heart,  
 which unto the such welcome made;  
 My sister dear, and Carriage joy,  
 Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.  
 Yet on her death bed when she lay,  
 she prayed for thy prosperity,  
 Beseeching God that every day  
 might breed the great felicity:  
 Thus by thy means I lost a friend,  
 Heavens send the such untimely end.  
 When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
 perused had, and weigh'd them right,  
 His losty courage then did fall,  
 and dreight appeared in his sight  
 Queen Didos Ghost both ghim and pale,  
 Which made this valiant Soldier quail.

Aeneas (quoth this grisly Ghost)  
 my whole delight while I did live;  
 Thee of all men I loved most,  
 my fancy and my will did give;  
 For Entertainment I thee gave,  
 Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.  
 Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul  
 to wander with me in the Air,  
 Where deadly grief shall make it howl  
 because of me thou took'st no care;  
 Delay no time, thy glass is run,  
 Thy day is past, thy death is come.  
 O stay a while thou lovely Spright,  
 be not so ready to congey  
 My soul into Eternal night,  
 where it shall ne'er behold bright day.  
 O do not frown; thy angry look  
 hath made my breath my life forlorn.  
 But woe is me, it is in vain,  
 and bootless is my dismal cry.  
 Time will not be recall'd again,  
 nor your successe before I see:  
 O let me live to make amends  
 Unto some of thy dearest friends.  
 But seeing thou obscure art,  
 and wilt no steps to me shew,  
 Because from thee I did depart,  
 and left unpaid what I did owe;  
 I must content my self to take  
 What for thou wilt wish me perillous.  
 And like one being in a trance,  
 a multitude of ugly fiends  
 About this woful Prince did dance;  
 no help he had of any friends,  
 His body then they took away,  
 And no man knew his lying day.